

JEFF ZONES
SPASM!



ADULTS
50¢
ONLY



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SPASM!



CO-INCIDENCE







SPIRIT OF '76



I CANNOT MOVE, I FEEL THAT I SHOULD
AND THERE ARE THESE VINES AND
THINGS GROWING OVER ME.



I DO REMEMBER SOMETHING...
I REMEMBER REMEMBERING...

AND THE WIND WHISPERS TO
HIM THE ANSWER, AND HE
STANNED TO HEAR. A MILLION
MILLION SPECKS OF A MILLION
MILLION LEAVES.

BUT HE COULDN'T REMEMBER, AND
THOUGH HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE
WAS, CERTAIN THOUGHTS PERSISTED.

THINK I SHOULD
BE
MOVING,
BUT I
CAN'T.

THE UNIVERSE DRIFTED AROUND HIM.
THE GROUND WAS SLIPPERY — AND THE
TREES. THE WORLD GRASPED IN THE
GUNS, AND IN THE SKY THERE
BOOMED GREAT WHITE, AND THUNDER
MOUNTAINS.



HOW LONG HAVE I
BEEN HERE?



AND THEN, SOUNDS
APPROACHING — NOT
SOUNDS OF THE
FOREST.



WAIT? WHAT IS
THAT?





SAVED



SHE KNEW NO ONE WOULD EVER COME. SURVIVOR MAY BE JUST — NO ONE HAD EVER BEEN FOUND OUT HERE. THIS WAS ETERNITY, AND A TEN YEAR PAIN PRISON NOTHING TO ETERNITY. SHE THOUGHT OF MANY THINGS DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF PAIN. SHE THOUGHT OF LONELINESS, FEARFUL. SHE THOUGHT OF BEING HUNG. SHE THOUGHT OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK. SHE THOUGHT OF SWEETS. NO! SHE THOUGHT OF PAIN.

A GYMNASTICALLY SOLATION CRYSTALLIZES AROUND A CATALYST: A SOLUTION OF HOPE AND DESPAIR — HOPE CRYSTALLIZING OUT AROUND A DESPAIR — AN INSIDE DESPAIR. SHE'D HEARD ONCE THAT NOTHING GROWS IN SPACE — AND IT WAS THIS THAT HER MIND CLUTCHED CARRISLY, TO HOLD AN OATH HOPE.

SHE SUPT AND WERE AND SUPT AND SHE DROPPED FRANTICALLY ON. TO DIE LIKE THIS; TO DIE HERE AND NEVER CHANGE, NEVER LEAVE — TO BE YOUNG FOREVER IN PAIN. HER HAND REACHED AND THIS ALL FOR — YOUNG IDEA BECAME AN OBSESSION, SOMETHING FOR THE EMPTY MIND TO HOLD ON TO. IN FACT, A THING TO LIVE FOR TO DIE FOR TO CONSOLE THE HORROR OF NOTHING.

THEN THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENED. IN THE VAGUENESS BETWEEN PLANETS, WHERE THE LOOT WAS NEVER FOUND, A TINY SUITED FIGURE, HOOKED ALSO TO A PAK, DROPPED INTO VIEW FLOWING STRAIGHT TOWARD HER — OH, GOD! CAN IT BE? PURE OF HEAL, ILLUMINATION! SHOCK HER MINDS, HOW MANY DAYS, MONTHS, YEARS HAD THAT OTHER LONE FIGURE MOVED "TOWARD" HER? COULD IT BE ALIVE?





THE TWO DRAFTED TOGETHER - A RENDEZVOUS OF IMPOSSIBILITY. LISTEN! LISTEN! CAN YOU HEAR? SHE FOUND COURAGE AND FOUNDED HER FIST TO THE HELMET, AND THE FIGURE FROM OUT THERE SUDENLY TURNED TOWARD HER.



AAAAA! NO! NO!



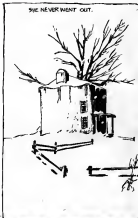
HER HANDS WENT TO HER HELMET AND HER LIFE TOUCHED THE VELOCITY OF ESCAPE. DEAD! DEAD! YOUNG FOREVER, UN- KNOWINGLY THE DECADA OF 50 MERRY MENTORS BECAME REAL. FOR AS SHE DIED SO DID THE MILLION OR SO SYMBIOTIC BACTERIA IN HER SYSTEM. BACTERIA THAT HAD LIVED TO FEED ON THE FLESH OF THE STRANGER, LIVED UNTIL THEY TOO HAD DIED, IN THEIR OWN MINDS.

SHE SHIP STRANGELY NOW. BUT NO ONE WAYS THERE TO APPEAR.

THE ENEMY

SHE NEVER WENT OUT.

IT WAS COLD OUT.



THE COLD WAS HER
OLD ENEMY. IT HAD
KILLED SOMEONE
DEAR TO HER ONCE
LONG AGO. SO
SHE NEVER WENT
OUT.





AND... NOW...



... SOMEONE, SOMETHING ...

CLICK!



HAD... COME... IN!

STAY



THAT HAD BEEN LAST NIGHT.



NOW IT WAS
RYN AND THE
COLD, COLD SUN
WAS CONFINED
BY CLOUDS.



SHE COULD STILL HEAR THE MOANS
FROM DOWN THE IRON STAIRWELL...
BUT HE WASN'T COMING UP.

OHH, OH



THAT MUST HAVE BEEN BECAUSE
THE FELL BROKE HIS LEGS WHEN
SHE THREW THE CHAIR.

SHE WAS VERY HUNGRY, AND THERE
WOASNT MUCH WOOD LEFT FOR THE
STOVE.



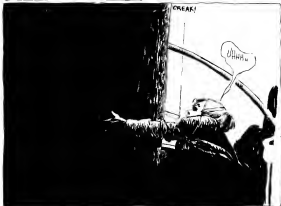
WILL I EVER HEAT AGAIN? I GUESS
THE DELIVERIES ARE STILL ON THE
PAPER. THE COLD WILL REAP THEM.

THE COLD!



CRACK!

SHHHH





SHE SAT FOR A LONG, LONG
TIME AND WHEN THE MORNING
DOWNSIDE FINALLY DREB...



... SHE WENT OUT.





DEJA-VU



HE FELT HE'D BEEN HERE
BEFORE... LIKE THIS WAS ALL
HAPPENING AGAIN.



STAREING OVER THE OBSERVATION
HOLE IT ALL SEEMED SO FAMILIAR.



THE FRENCH
HAD A WORD
FOR IT...
DEJA-VU.

A FLASHING PATTERN IN THE SUNLIGHT OF ADESWAR.

A SLIVER OF SHIPWRECK, A BLEACHED TRACEDORY
ARCHING IN TOWARD VIRGIN SOIL.



A FINGER, SEARCHING FOR
A HOLD.



THE FEELING OF
RECOGNITION
WELL-PAID
OVER HIM.



AND HERE WAS LAND FOR
THE MULTITUDE OF HUMANITY
GROWING TOWARD THE
UNIVERSE.



HE'D NEVER BEEN HERE.



HE REMEMBERED THAT
AS A CHILD HE HAD
THIS FEELING ALSO
FROM TIME TO TIME.



HE HAD A WILD THEORY
THEN ABOUT THE UNIVERSE
BEING A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL
RECORD THAT HAD BEEN
SCORCHED SO IT GOT
TRUCE OCCASIONALLY.



HE LAUGHED. AFTER
ALL THIS WAS A NEW
WORLD. MAN HAD
NEVER SET FOOT HERE
BEFORE. BUT LOOKING
OUT. . .



HE FELT HE'D BEEN HERE
BEFORE... LIKE THIS WAS ALL
HAPPENING AGAIN.



CHIPPING AWAY THE OBSERVATION
HOLE IT ALL SEEMED SO FAMILIAR.



THE FRENCH
HAD A WORD
FOR IT...
DEJA-VU.



SHE HAD NEVER IN HER
LIFE CROSSED IT.

THE BRIDGE

BUT TO HER IT WAS
MORE THAN THAT. IT
WAS HER BRIDGE AND IT
WAS ALL BRIDGES. IT WAS
A THING BETWEEN THE LAND,
ALL THINGS BEYOND —
PATIO PADOA, AND PROMISE.



SHE WOULD COME AT MIDNIGHT
WHEN THE LAND WAS ASLEEP
AND STAND THERE ON THE BRIDGE,
LIKED IN STARLIGHT.



HAD IT WAS JUST HOPE, HER,
AND THE BRIDGE.





AND AS A CHILD SHE HAD COME ALSO,
SMILING OVER SHOULDER AND THROUGH
FIELDS OF PROMISE AND DREAM.



TO STAND AND LOOK AND
LISTEN AND FEEL — HER
HEAD FILLED WITH WONDER
AT WHAT MIGHT LAY BEYOND.

AND ONCE ...



SHE HAD
LOVED BENEATH
A RAINBOW.



IT WAS LAST NIGHT THAT THE GIGGY
ROLLED IN.



AND THE GIGGY ROLLED DOWN TO
LUCK THE LAND.



THEN WOULD SHE KNOW,
BUILD A NEW BRIDGE NOW.
ONE THAT WOULD BE STRONG
AND BRIGHT AND BIG. IT
WOULD BE THEIR BRIDGE,
AND WOULD CERTAINLY BE
A LOT EASIER TO CROSS
... FOR THEM.



guarantee

SHE FELT HER MONTREAL DOWDLING AS THE SIRENS WAALED EVEN CLOSER.









DEATH



HE HAD LIVED THINGS IN HIS
LIFE, IN BETWEEN THE FEAR
AND THE EXPECTATION . . .

ONCE AS A CHILD, AND ONCE IN A WOMAN'S
ARMS.



AND HE WAS LOST WHEN THE STORM CAME UP.





I... I DIDN'T EXPECT
YOU HERE,
NOW.













ANOTHER
SCAN BY
CLEVELAND'S OWN...

GLITCH



YOU DOWN WITH DCF?